

WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES

# G.I. COMBAT

10¢

MARCH NO. 4

10¢

VENGEANCE RAID

ONE MAN ARMY

BRIDGE TO BLOODY HELL

THE LIEUTENANT  
ATTACKS







WEB COMIC  
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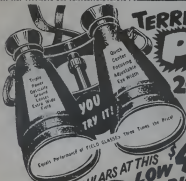
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G.I. COMBAT

YOU'RE PINNED DOWN IN THE COLD, SOGGY, BLOOD-DRENCHED KOREAN DIRT-- YOU AND YOUR FIGHTING OUTFIT! AHEAD ARE THE REDS, THEIR BULLETS STITCHING A PATTERN FOR A SHROUD IN THE AIR ABOVE YOUR HEAD! YOU'D SLAUGHTER THEM IF YOU COULD GET YOUR HANDS ON THEM, BUT BETWEEN YOU LIES THE ICY RIVER! WHO CAN HELP YOU THEN? JUST ONE OUTFIT, BUDDY ---- THE ENGINEERS! THEY'LL BE RIGHT UP TO BUILD YOU A ....

# BRIDGE TO BLOODY HELL!



ERNE AKIN WAS PART OF DOG COMPANY IN A DIVISION THAT HAD BEEN STALLED FOR DAYS BY SAVAGE RED COUNTERFIRE!

WHERE'S THE ARTILLERY? WHERE ARE OUR PLANES? ARE WE THE ONLY CHUMPS FIGHTIN' THIS WAR?

MAN, YOU SURE EARN THAT NICKNAME, 'BELLY AKIN!' YOU BELLYACHE ALL THE TIME ABOUT SUMPN'!



AT THAT MOMENT THE ARMY ANSWERED ONE OF ERNE AKIN'S COMPLAINTS WITH A THUNDER THAT SHOOK THE EARTH!



NOW, YOU SATISFIED, SON? THIS HERE ARMY AIMS TO PLEASE!

AHH, THOSE JOKERS CANT HIT ANYTHING, ANYHOW! WE'LL PROBABLY GET A SHORT ONE DROPPED IN OUR LAPS ANY MINUTE!



BUT ERNE WAS WRONG---AS USUAL! THOSE "JOKERS" COULD HIT PLENTY-- AND THEY DID!



AND BEHIND THE BARRAGE CAME THE PLANES-- SABRE-JETS, CORSAIRS, ANYTHING THAT COULD CARRY ROCKETS, BOMBS AND HOT LEAD!



YOU OUGHT TO BE A HAPPY MAN, NOW!

WHY? YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING THIS FOR? SO WE CAN RUN OUT THERE AND GET KILLED BY THE GOOKS THEY MISSED!



AND FOR ONCE ERNE AKIN WAS RIGHT!

LET'S GO, YOU MUDHEADS! SHINE YOUR SHOES AND CALL A TAXI! THE PARTY'S STARTED!

WHAT'D I TELL YOU, TEXAS?



THE WHOLE UN LINE POURED OUT FOR THE HOWLING, BLOODY, HAND-TO-HAND BUSINESS!

NICE TIMING, SON! YOU CAN'T BELLY-ACHE ON THAT!

BUT I PROBABLY JAMMED THE MECHANISM OF MY GUN HITTING SO HARD!



SUDDENLY THE RED RESISTANCE CRUMBLLED INTO WILD RETREAT!

PICK IT UP! PICK IT UP! LET'S NAIL THESE MONKEYS AT THE RIVER!



LOOK AT 'EM FALL! IT'S LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A RAIN BARREL! WE GOT 'EM RUNNING, BOY!

WAIT'LL WE HAFTA WADE ACROSS! WE'LL PROBABLY CATCH COLD AND DIE OF PNEUMONIA!



AND A MOMENT LATER, AS THE PURSUERS RACE TOWARD THE ICY WATERS OF THE PHONGSON RIVER IN EAGER PURSUIT...

HIT THE RIVER! WADE ACROSS! THE RATS MINED THE BRIDGE!



BUT A MOMENT LATER THEY KNEW WHAT WAS AHEAD -- A TRAP MADE UP OF FRESH REES DUG IN AND WAITING ON THE MIDGE BEYOND!

PULL BACK! BACK TO SHORE AND DIG IN! GET OUT OF THE WATER!

EEEEAAHH!



WHAT'D I TELL YOU? I KNEW IT WAS A TRAP WHEN... TEXAS! YOU'RE HIT!

AMHH!



MEDIC! MEDIC! THOSE GUYS ARE NEVER AROUND WHEN YOU NEED 'EM!

QUIT... BELLYACHIN! THEY'RE BUSY WITH... GUYS HIT... WORSE THAN ME! I'M... OKAY!



HIS WOUND TREATED, TEXAS HAD TO WAIT IN A FOXHOLE UNTIL THERE WAS TRANSPORTATION OUT!

LOOK AT US STALLED HERE, WAITING TO BE SHOT! WHY CAN'T THEY BRING UP THE TANKS AND MOP UP THAT RIDGE?

YOU ASK 'EM NICE AND PURTY AND MEBBE THEY WILL! YOU GOT A LOT OF INFLUENCE WITH THE ARMY, ERNIE!



WHY DIDN'T YOU HOLLER, SARGE? WE ALMOST BLEW YOUR HEAD OFF BEFORE WE SAW WHO IT WAS!

STILL BELL-YACHING? WELL, CHUM, I'VE GOT A REAL BELL-YACHE FOR YOU!



WE'VE OUTFRAN OUR COMMUNICATIONS! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO REPORT BACK THAT WE NEED TANKS AND A BRIDGE FOR THEM TO CROSS ON! DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT YOU'RE INVITED TO VOLUNTEER!

OKAY, OKAY! ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN WAITING HERE TO GET SMEARED!



THE ENGINEERS ARE BACK AROUND TOG-YUN PASS! YOU CAN COME BACK WITH THEM WHEN THEY BRING THE BRIDGE!

GOOD LUCK, "BELLY" AKIN! KEEP ON BEEFIN' AND FIGHTIN' AND WE'LL WIN THIS SCRAMBLE YET! BE SEEING YUH!

YEAH-- MAYBE!



SUCH A GUY! HE'S THE WORSE PESSIMIST I EVER SAW, SARGE! OO YOU THINK HE'LL MAKE IT OKAY?

SURE! BUT I DON'T WANT HIM AROUND GETTING THE REST OF THE MEN STIRRED UP WITH HIS COMPLAINTS! LET HIM WORRY THE ENGINEERS!



MEANWHILE...

WHAT A WAY TO RUN AN ARMY--NO TELEPHONE LINES, RADIO KNOCKED OUT! AND I'LL PROBABLY RUN INTO A REG PATROL!



THE SARGE SAID ALL THE GOOK PATROLS WERE FENCED OFF FROM BACK HERE, BUT HE'S PROBABLY WRONG!





*ERNE AKIN WAS ALMOST AN OPTIMIST WHEN  
HE FOUND ENGINEERS HQ AT DAWN!*





BUT WE'LL WORK IT OUT! THE ENGINEERS HAVEN'T BEEN STUMPED YET!

THERE'S ALLUS GOT TO BE A FIRST TIME!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA, CAPTAIN! WE COULD TAKE BULLDOZERS AND SHOVE ROCKS AND DIRT INTO THE RIVER HIGH ENOUGH TO PASS THE TANKS OVER!

MAN, NOW THAT'S DREAMING UP IDEAS! I WORRIED TOO SOON!



NO GOOD, SAM! WE COULDN'T DRIVE THE 'DOZERS THAT FAR IN TIME TO SAVE THE SITUATION! AND WE ONLY HAVE THREE TRUCKS WORKING!

OR DID I?



THAT'S ENOUGH! WE'LL SEND THREE 'DOZERS AND MAKE 'EM DO THE WORK OF A DOZEN! GET LOADING!

I'M ALL CONFUSED! THESE GUYS DON'T KNOW WHEN THEY'RE LICKED!



*WITHIN HALF AN HOUR...*

SOLDIER, WHEN THINGS GET REALLY TOUGH AND SUMP'N *CAN'T* BE DONE... THAT'S WHEN THEY SEND FOR US TO *DO* IT!

AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE A BUNCH OF REAR ECHELON GOLOBRICKS!



HE MADE IT! BUT WHERE'S OUR BRIDGE?

WAIT'LL YOU SEE IT, SARGE! AND A TANK OUTFIT'S ON IT'S WAY!



*THE BULLDOZERS MOVED INTO ACTION WITH CALM PRECISION, WHILE THE REDS ACROSS THE RIVER OPENED UP WITH EVERYTHING THEY HAD!*



IT'S SUICIDE! THEY HAVEN'T ANY PROTECTION WHEN THOSE BLADES ARE DOWN! THERE'S ONE FINISHED NOW!



BUT THE BIG MACHINE WAS BUILT TO TAKE PUNISHMENT, EVEN IF THE DRIVER WASN'T! SO THEY HAD RESERVE DRIVERS WAITING!



ONE MORE LOAD SHOULD DO IT!



OH-OH-OH...! NOW I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG! I SHOULD'A FIGURED THE DEAL WAS TO CUTE TO WORK!

WHAT THE BLAZES IS BITING YOU NOW?



SEE? THAT AIN'T A BRIDGE --- IT'S A DAM! THE WATER'S ALREADY UP OVER IT! THE WHOLE THING WON'T LAST TWENTY MINUTES!



IT WON'T HAVE TO LAST THAT LONG, CHUMP! THEY TIMED IT JUST RIGHT! HERE COME THE TANKS!



AND THERE'S A SPOTTER PLANE TO POINT OUT THEIR TARGETS!

LET'S GO, AKIN! IT'S STILL A DOUGHFOOT'S WAR, REMEMBER! YOU CAN STILL BEEF ABOUT THAT PART!



LUMBERING INTO LINE, THE GIANTS TURNED THEIR GUNS UP TOWARDS THE DEADLY RIDGE, SPOTTING POSITIONS RADICED FROM THE PLANE! THE FRANTIC REDS KEPT UP A FURY OF FIRE!



THEN, WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, THE U.N. GUNS ANSWERED BACK!

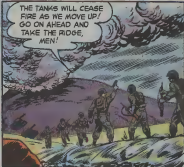


THIS IS IT, MEN! GET ACROSS WHILE THE TANKS ARE PINNING THEM DOWN!

GIMME A GUN, SOMEBODY! I'M GOING ALONG!



THE TANKS WILL CEASE FIRE AS WE MOVE UP! GO ON AHEAD AND TAKE THE RIDGE, MEN!



NICE SHOOTING, BOY!

KEEP IT UP! THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF FIGHT LEFT IN THOSE ROCK DENS UP TOWARD THE TOP!



EEOW! THERE'S ONE THEY MISSED!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU? HIT THE DIRT!

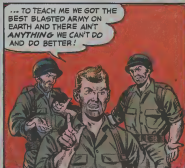
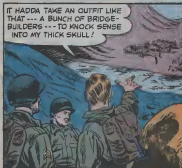
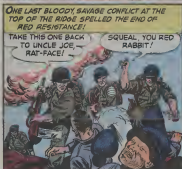


YOU'LL NEVER THROW IT FAR ENOUGH!

I SUPPOSE NOT... BUT MAYBE I CAN JAR 'EM A LITTLE!

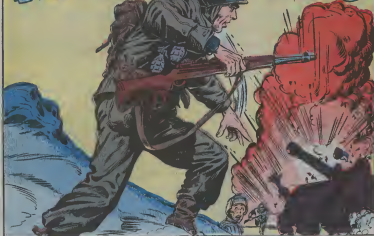






CORPORAL SAM CRANE WAS A QUIET MAN... UNTIL THE DAY HE SAW WHAT THE REDS HAD DONE TO HIS BEST BUDDY! THE SIGHT MADE ALL THE U.N. SOLDIERS SICK AND ANGRY... BUT IT TURNED MILD CORPORAL CRANE INTO A RAGING TORNADO OF VENGEANCE WHO SWEEPED SINGLE-HANDED THROUGH RED HEADQUARTERS, LEAVING A WAKE OF DEVASTATION AND DEATH BEHIND HIS...

# VENGEANCE RAID



IT BEGAN... THIS FEARFUL EXPLOSION OF FURY... ON A DAY IN WINTER WHEN CORPORAL SAM CRANE LED ABLE PATROL ON A SCOUT!

I DON'T LIKE IT! BAKER PATROL WAS TO HAVE RENDEZVOUSED WITH US HERE TWENTY MINUTES AGO!

THEY PROBABLY GOT DELAYED, CORPORAL! YOUR PAL, DEEVER, WON'T LEAD THEM INTO TROUBLE!



I'VE GOT A FEELING! WE'RE GOING TO WORK WEST AND SEE IF WE CAN PICK UP THEIR TRACKS!



AW, YOU WORRY MORE ABOUT DEEVER THAN A MOTHER REN DOES OVER HER CHICKS! HE'LL BE O.K.!

BUT SHORTY DEEVER AND HIS PATROL WERE NOT O.K. THEY FOUND THE BODIES HALF AN HOUR LATER!

DIRTY, STINKIN' BUTCHERS! THEY TIED THEIR HANDS BEHIND THEM AND THEN SHOT THEM IN THE HEAD!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT, SHORTY! DON'T WORRY! I'LL EVEN GET A SCORE!



A CRUDE SLED WAS FASHIONED, THE BODIES GRIMLY LOADED ON FOR THE RETURN TO BIVOUAC!

ALL SET? GIVE ME ALL THE EXTRA GRENADES AND BAR CLIPS YOU CAN SPARE! THEN TAKE THE BOYS IN FOR BURIAL!

SURE, BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



WE ALL KNOW GENERAL CHU IS THE RAT WHO GAVE ORDERS TO SLAUGHTER PRISONERS! I'M GOING TO GET HIM!

HAVE YOU BLOWN YOUR STACK? CHU'S HEAD-QUARTERS ARE IN YONGKIN, RIGHT IN THE HEART OF A TOWN FULL OF REDS!



THERE WON'T BE SO MANY REDS IN TOWN WHEN I'M THROUGH! NOW GET ALONG... AND THAT'S AN ORDER!



IT WAS EASY TO FOLLOW THE TRACKS OF THE RED PATROL THROUGH THE POWDERY SNOW!

SHORTY DENVER, THE BEST PAL A MAN EVER HAD! IT ISN'T HIS DYING THAT GETS ME...IT'S BEING SLAUGHTERED LIKE AN ANIMAL, BOUND AND HELPLESS!



HE CAUGHT UP WITH THE KILLERS THEMSELVES ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY! THE REDS HAD NO IDEA AN ENEMY WAS ANYWHERE NEAR!

DIRTY YANKEE PIGS NOT SQUEAL WHEN SHOT! IS MOST DIS-APPOINTING!

HONORABLE COMRADE STALIN SAY YANKEE PARALYZED WITH FEAR, IS UNABLE TO UTTER CRIES FOR MERCY!



MAYBE WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO SQUEAL! COME ON AND SHOW ME, COMRADE RATS!

YIIII! AIEEE!



THANK YOU!







THE WOUND WOULD HAVE FLOORED AN ORDINARY MAN, BUT CORPORAL SAM CRANE WAS DRIVEN BY A FURY THAT COULD NOT BE STOPPED!



IT TOOK CORPORAL CRANE ALMOST AN HOUR TO DRESS HIS OWN WOUND, SO THAT DARKNESS WAS FALLING BEFORE HE REACHED HIS GOAL!





THE DEVASTATION AMONG THE MASSES OF REDS, PINNED IN BY THE NARROW STREET, WAS TERRIBLE AND COMPLETE!



AFTER THE FIRST SHOCKED MOMENT OF SURPRISE, THE TOWN AWOKE TO SCREAMING QUESTIONS AND CRIES OF ALARM!



AS IN  
PREVIOUS  
CAGES,  
THE VERY  
SMOCK  
OF  
CORPORAL  
CRANE'S UN-  
EXPECTED APPEAR-  
ANCE  
FROZE  
THE REDS' MINDS  
AND  
MUSCLES  
FOR THE  
INSTANT  
HE  
NEEDED!



HOLD IT,  
BUD!

GAHHH!



JUST A LITTLE  
GOING-AWAY  
PRESENT!

EEEEAAA!



ISN'T THAT FIREWORKS  
DISPLAY PRETTY?



HERE'S CHU'S HEAD-  
QUARTERS! I GUESS IT'S  
TIME FOR THE PAYOFF!



HALT... WHO...  
ARRGH!



AWRRK! THE  
ENEMY! WE  
ARE INVADED!

BROTHER, YOU'RE  
MASSACRED!



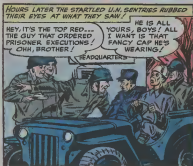
NO YOU DON'T,  
BUZZARD  
BAIT!

EAAH!

HALP!  
GUARDS!



G.I. COMBAT



**A** NEW LIEUTENANT FRESH FROM THE STATES OFTEN FINDS THAT HE IS NOT ACCEPTED BY THE HARDENED COMBAT-VETERANS OF HIS PLATOON...NOT, AT LEAST, UNTIL HE HAS PROVED HIMSELF IN BATTLE!

# The LIEUTENANT ATTACKS





**B**UT NOTHING IS CHANGED IN WAR UPON ONE MAN'S DEATH... NO MATTER HOW BRAVE THAT MAN MIGHT HAVE BEEN! THERE IS ALWAYS ANOTHER MAN TO REPLACE HIM! A FEW DAYS LATER...

I'M LIEUTENANT WRIGHT... REPLACEMENT FOR WILSON!

YEAH...

LIEUTENANT WILSON WAS QUITE A HERO, THEY TELL ME!

HE WAS A MAN... THE BEST THAT EVER LIVED!

I HOPE I CAN DO HALF AS WELL! SEE YOU MEN LATER!

YEAH...

"HALF AS WELL," HE SAYS! FAT CHANCE THAT OVER-GROWN COLLEGE HERO HAS OF FILLIN' LIEUTENANT WILSON'S SHOES!

YEAH... WILSON WAS HALF HIS SIZE BUT MADE IT UP TEN TIMES OVER IN GUTS!

**B**UT STAFF HEADQUARTERS HASN'T TIME TO CONCERN ITSELF WITH THE WELCOME GIVEN A NEW LIEUTENANT BY HIS BATTLE-HARDENED PLATOON! ONE BANK OF THE KAN RIVER HAS BEEN REACHED... NOW, THE OTHER MUST BE TAKEN!

I HATE TO THINK OF CROSSIN' THAT RIVER!

WITH THEM DUG-IN RATS TAKIN' POT SHOTS AT US!

WE'RE CERTAIN TO GET AIR SUPPORT! THEY'LL PROBABLY SUBJECT THE COMMUNISTS TO SATURATION BOMBING!

WHAT YOU LEARNED IN OCS, LIEUTENANT, ISN'T LIKE ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS UP HERE!

BESIDES... I'VE SEEN 'EM BOMB THE COMMIES FOR DAYS AN' WHEN WE COME TO MCP UP, THEY COME OUTTA THEIR HOLES... SHOOTIN'!

THAT HARDLY SEEMS POSSIBLE!

**P**ossible... BUT NOT PROBABLE! THEN, TWO HOURS BEFORE NIGHTFALL, A DISTANT ROAR IS HEARD...

MAN... LOOK AT 'EM COME!

HUNDREDS OF 'EM!





FOR ALMOST TWO HOURS, THE RED BANK OF THE NAN RIVER IS SUBJECTED TO A MERCILESS POUNDING! THEN, AS NIGHT FALLS, AMERICAN ARTILLERY CONTINUES THE SOFTENING-UP PROCESS!



AS THE FIRST LIGHT OF MORNING IS SEEN, THE SHELLING ABRUPTLY CEASES AND THE FIRST WAVE OF MARINES MOVES TOWARD THE OPPOSITE BANK...

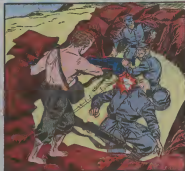




**S**TOPPED  
COLD BY  
THE  
MURDEROUS  
CROSSFIRE,  
THE FIRST  
MARINE  
WAVE  
PULLS BACK!  
BUT ONE  
MAN  
REMAINS  
ALIVE IN  
THE ICY  
WATER...







WITH THE TWO REMAINING RED STRONG POINTS ELIMINATED, THE MARINES QUICKLY CROSS THE RIVER... TO BE MET BY A YOUNG MARINE LIEUTENANT... ANOTHER MAN WHO HAS PROVED HIMSELF IN BATTLE!



# Running HOT WATER

*-in a Jiffy!* from any COLD WATER FAUCET



for EVERY KITCHEN need



in FACTORY - GARAGE



in BARN - BATHING

It is almost too good to be true! You just must see for yourself the steaming hot water running continuously from a COLD WATER FAUCET. With this dependable JET INSTANT HOT WATER HEATER—you can get water from Lukewarm to Real Hot—when you want it! No WAITING—No FUSSING WITH FIRES or BOILERS—No TANKS or GAUGES to watch!

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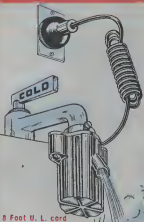
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8 Foot U. L. cord

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\$4.98



# Escape From Red Fury

THE three tattered, bearded GIs crouched by the shack window, peering cautiously out at the gray streak that was definitely and unmistakably outlining the mountain peaks to the east. Private Jones spoke first in a husky whisper. "It's sunrise coming, for sure. So what do we do now? I don't know about you guys, but I just ain't comfortable in a crowd."

There was no answer. All heads swiveled sharply as a loud, ringing clatter and clank echoed from the other direction, so near it seemed to be in the very room with them. Private Ackson shivered. "We oughta win a prize. We crash out of a Red prison camp, dodge Gooks for two days and hole up in what looks like a deserted village. So what happens? A whole Red tank squadron moves in with us. Very chummy."

They crept to the other window. In the shadows, they could see the three steel monsters driven right inside flimsy huts, so that the thatched roofs hid them from prowling UN planes. Now men were moving around the tanks, getting them ready for the day's operations. It was nothing short of a miracle that the Reds, sure that they were far from Allied lines, had not bothered to search the other huts before settling down. But with daylight, anything could happen. And a light snow during the night meant that if they tried to sneak away, their tracks would be seen and followed.

"So we sit," whispered Private Regan dismally. "But I sure wish we had a gun or a grenade or even a knife. I feel naked. But I'd trade 'em all for a bazooka. If there was only some way we could knock out those tanks."

"You got rocks in the head?" Jones demand-

ed. "If we had a can opener maybe we could open 'em up and pour gasoline in—if we had gasoline."

They sat tensely as full daylight drove back the protecting night. The tanks were still there, being serviced for a patrol. Red soldiers were wandering around, now. At any moment one might decide to investigate the hut.

"I hear planes," Regan said sharply. "A squadron of our Sabre Jets. How they'd love to spot these tin cans . . ." He broke off, a grin lifting his mouth. "So why not? Let's have us some fun, guys."

Before they could protest he had snatched out their last precious paper of matches and was lighting the dry straw thatch of their hut roof. The others, starting to protest, saw his plan and grinned. Then everything happened at once.

The straw roof roared up and wind-blown flames whipped down the street. Simultaneously, the Reds yelled and the three fugitive GIs went headfirst out the back window, running frantically for the woods, heedless now of their tracks in the snow. The Reds would be too busy to worry about tracks right now.

And overhead, a Sabre Jet pilot was yelling into his radio mike. "Jackpot! There are three Red tanks down below. Somebody burned their camouflage off and we're going after them." Rockets screamed and thundered, machine guns yammered. Then the pilot spoke again to distant Headquarters. "Mission accomplished, but good. And you'd better send a helicopter over. There are three crazy guys in GI outfits dancing around in the snow down here. I think they want to go home."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1935, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 2, 1952 AND JULY 2, 1952 (TITLE 49, United States Code, Section 238) OF G.I. COMBAT, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1952

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Platz, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Alfred Grezer, 347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, Nona, Business manager, Richard E. Arnold, 347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

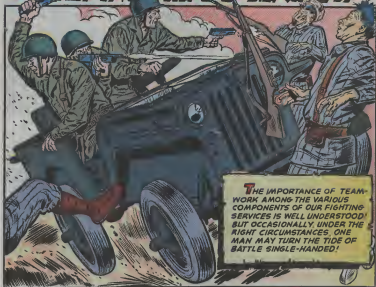
2. The owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given. Comic Magazines, 538 Broadway St., Stamford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Platz, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Platz, Old Greenwich, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 1 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me on this 23rd day of Sept. 1952. (Signed) LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public. (My commission expires April 1, 1954.)

# ONE MAN ARMY



**T**HE IMPORTANCE OF TEAM-WORK AMONG THE VARIOUS COMPONENTS OF OUR FIGHTING SERVICES IS WELL UNDERSTOOD! BUT OCCASIONALLY, UNDER THE RIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES, ONE MAN MAY TURN THE TIDE OF BATTLE SINGLE-HANDED!

COMPANY "B" HEADQUARTERS, "OLD BALDY," NORTH KOREA!

OKAY, CRANDALL, HERE'S THE LIST OF WHAT WE NEED! AND YOU CAN TELL 'EM BACK AT REGIMENT WE NEED AMMO BEFORE FOOD!

RIGHT, CAP'N!

AND DON'T STOP FOR NOTHIN'! THE COMMIES WANT THIS HILL BAD AND THEY'RE GONNA GET IT UNLESS WE GET SOME AMMO QUICK!

IF IT'S SPEED YOU WANT, IT'S SPEED YOU'LL GET!



AND A FEW MINUTES  
LATER!

MAN, IF THESE GUYS  
DON'T MOVE, THE WAR'LL  
BE OVER BEFORE I GET  
BACK TO REGIMENT!

YOU GUYS DRIVE  
LIKE YOU WAS  
STROLLIN'  
DOWN FIFTH  
AVENUE!

GO DROWN  
YOURSELF,  
CRANDALL!

HE NEVER FORGETS HE  
USED TO RACE STOCK  
CARS IN FREEPORT,  
LONG ISLAND!



BUT THE CONVOY IS A LONG ONE, AND AROUND  
A BEND IN THE NARROW, DIRT ROAD...

MAN---SOMEONE'S  
GONNA HAVE TO  
MOVE--!



THAT CRAZY--  
DUMB--!



I SAW HIS FACE! IF  
I EVER SEE HIM  
AGAIN--!



SOMETIME LATER AT REGIMENTAL  
HEADQUARTERS ...

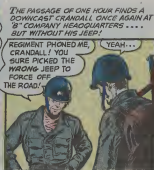
OKAY, CRANDALL, SHOOT  
THIS REQUISITION BACK TO  
THE AMMO DUMP! IT'S  
APPROVED FOR 'B'  
COMPANY!

RIGHT  
SARGE!

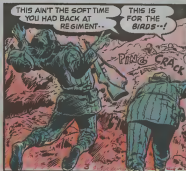
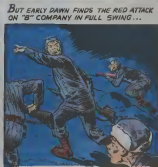


HOLD IT,  
SERGEANT!





THAT NIGHT, THE COMMUNISTS UNLEASH A TREMENDOUS ARTILLERY BARRAGE -- ONE THAT SEEMS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO LEVEL OLD BALDY!



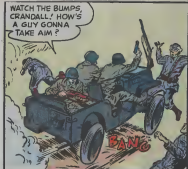
AND ALONG THE ENTIRE 'B' COMPANY FRONT!

ONLY A MIRACLE'S GONNA  
STOP 'EM THIS TIME!CAPTAIN! THEY'VE  
OVERRUN BOTH  
OUR FLANKS! WE'RE  
OUTNUMBERED  
TEN TO ONE!YOU AIN'T  
TELLIN' ME  
ANYTHING  
NEW!WE'RE PULLIN' OUT,  
MEN!PULLING  
BACK TO  
AVOID  
BEING  
SURROUNDED  
BY A  
NUMERICALLY  
SUPERIOR  
FORCE, THE  
GALLANT  
MEN OF  
COMPANY  
'B' FIGHT  
A HEROIC  
DELAYING  
ACTION..MAN---I DONT  
KNOW WHICH  
END IS UP  
ANYMORE!YOU GOTTA GET  
USED TO THIS IN  
THE INFANTRY,  
CRANDALL--THANKS,  
BUT  
NO  
THANKS!SAY... LOOKS LIKE  
REGIMENT PULLED  
BACK! AND IN QUITE  
A HURRY, TOO!





WATCH THE BUMPS, CRANDALL! HOW'S A GUY GONNA TAKE AIM?



YOU KIDDIN'? WE AIN'T TOUCHED GROUND ONCE, YET!



LOOK, MA-- ONE HAND!



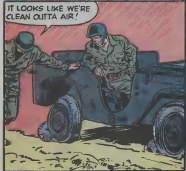
THROWN OFF BALANCE BY THE WILDLY CAREENING JEEP AND THE DEATH-DEALING MEN WITHIN IT, THE REDS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE COUNTER-ATTACKING INFANTRYMEN OF "B" COMPANY!

WHAT'RE YOU SLOWIN' DOWN FOR, CRANDALL?

I'LL TELL YOU, CAP'N...



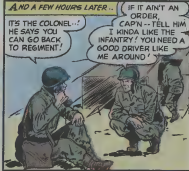
IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE CLEAN OUTTA AIR!



AND A FEW HOURS LATER...

IT'S THE COLONEL...! HE SAYS YOU CAN GO BACK TO REGIMENT!

IF IT AIN'T AN ORDER, CAP'N-- TELL HIM I KINDA LIKE THE INFANTRY! YOU NEED A GOOD DRIVER LIKE ME AROUND!





IF YOU CAN WHISTLE OR HUM A TUNE...



YOU CAN BE A POPULAR

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**HOPKINSON CORP. — DEPT. 149**

**1665 MILWAUKEE AVE. — CHICAGO 47, ILL.**

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